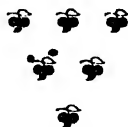


THE FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY
THE SIXTH : *By*
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE * * * *



BLISS, SANDS & CO.
L O N D O N
MDCCCXCVIII.

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.*

HENRY BEAUFORT, *Great-uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*

JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl, afterwards Duke, of Somerset.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*

EARL OF WARWICK.

KARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL OF SUFFOLK.

LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*

JOHN TALBOT, *his Son.*

EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*

SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, SIR WILLIAM LUCY, SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS CARGRAVE,

Mayor of London.

WOOLVILE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York Faction.*

BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster Faction.*

A Lawyer. *Mortimer's Keepers.*

CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*

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REIGNIER, Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.

DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

DUKE OF ALENÇON.

BASTARD OF ORLKANS.

Governor of Paris.

Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.

General of the French Forces in Bourdeaux.

A French Sergeant. A Porter.

An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.

*MARGARET, Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to
King Henry.*

COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

JOAN LA PUCELLE, commonly called Joan of Arc.

*Knights, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, and Attendants.*

Fiends appearing to Joan la Pucelle.

*SCENE.—Partly in England, and partly in
France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Westminster Abbey.*

*Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King HENRY
THE FIFTH; attended on by the Dukes of BED-
FORD, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER; the Earl
of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER,
Heralds, &c.*

Bed. Hung be the heaven's with black, yield
day to night !

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
That have consented unto Henry's death !
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long !
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glou. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command :
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his
beams ;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings ;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say ? his deeds exceed all speech .
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

Ere. We mourn in black : why mourn we not
in blood ?

Henry is dead and never shall revive.
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What ! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow ?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end ?

Win. He was a king bless'd of the King of
kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day

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So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glou. The church ! where is it ? had not church-
men pray'd

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe,

Win. Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art
protector,

And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God & religious churchmen may.

Glou. Name not religion, for thou lovest the
flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou
go'st

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds
in peace !

Let's to the altar : heralds, wait on us.
Instead of gold we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall
suck,

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke :
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all !
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead
Henry's corse ?

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

Glou. Is Paris lost ? is Rouen yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again
These news would cause him once more yield the
ghost.

Exe. How were they lost ? what treachery was
used ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and
money.

Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility !
Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot :
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern. Regent I am of France.
Give me my steeled coat : I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

Second Mess. Lords, view these letters full of
bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import :
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims ;
The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part ;
The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly to
him !

O ! whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glou. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness ?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?

Third Mess. O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot above human thought
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;

Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew.
The French exclaim'd the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him,
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out again,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.
He, being in the vaward, placed behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general yreck and massacre:

Enclosed were they with their enemies.
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back ;
 Whom all France, with their chief assembled
 strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face

Bed. Is Talbot slain ? then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

Third Mess. O, no ! he lives ; but is took
 prisoner,
 And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford :
 Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay :
 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne ;
 His crown shall be the ransom of my friend ;
 Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
 Farewell, my masters ; to my task will I ;
 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal :
 Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Third Mess. So you had need ; for Orleans is
 besieged ;
 The English army is grown weak and faint ;
 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
 sworn,
 Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it ; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation. *[Exit.*

Glou. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition ;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.*

Ere. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor ;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. *[Exit.*

Win. Each hath his place and function to
attend ;
I am left out ; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *France. Before Orleans.*

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and
REIGNIER, marching with drum and Soldiers.

Cha. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side ;
Now we are victors ; upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment but we have ?
At pleasure here we lie near Orleans ;
Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge and their fat
bull-beeves :

Either they must be dieted like mules
And have their provender tied to their mouths,

Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Cha. Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
Him I forgive my death that killeth me
When he sees me go back one foot or fly. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums, they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Ch. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled!

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Oliver and Rowlands breed
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliases
It sendeth forth to skilful vanish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Cha. Let's leave this town; for they are here

brain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :
Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the
siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors or device
Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on ;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ; I have
news for him.

Cha. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd.

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand ;
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Cha. Go, call her in. *[Exit Bastard.]*

But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :
Question her proudly ; let thy looks be stern :
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
[Retires.]

- *Re-enter the Bastard of ORLEANS, with JOAN LA
PUCELLE and others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these
wondrous feats?

Joan. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to be-
guile me?

Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from
behind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Joan. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
Lo! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
• And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success;
In complete glory she revealed herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me,
That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate
 If thou receive me for thy war-like mate.

Cha. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high
 terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Joan. I am prepared : here is my keen-edg'd
 sword,
 Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
 The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's
 churchyard,
 Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Cha. Then come, o' God's name ; I fear no
 woman.

Joan. And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a
 man.

[Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE
overcomes.

Cha. Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an Amazon,
 And lightest with the sword of Deborah.

Joan. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
 weak.

Cha. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that must
 help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
 Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 Let me thy servant and not sovereign be :
 'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Joan. I must not yield to any rites of love,

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For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Cha. Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her
smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men
do know ;

These women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise
you on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Joan. Why, no, I say : -di-trustful recreants !

Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Cha. What she says I'll confirm ; we'll fight it
out.

Joan. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars. "

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death the English circle ends ;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Cha. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Not yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours ;

Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

Cha. Presently we'll try. Come, let's away
about it :

No prophet will I trust if she prove false.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. London. Before the Tower.

*Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
with his Servingmen, in blue coats.*

Glou. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ! 'T is Gloucester that calls.

First Ward. [Within.] Who's there that knocks
so imperiously ?

First Serv. It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Second Ward. [Within.] Whoe'er he be, you
may not be let in.

First Serv. Villains, answer you so the lord
protector ?

First Ward. [Within.] The Lord protect him !
so we answer him :

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glou. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?

There's none protector of the realm but I,
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize. "
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

[*GLOUCESTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates, and
WOODVILLE the Lieutenant speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glou. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloucester that would enter.

Wood. Ha! patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The Cardinal of Winchester forbids;
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glou. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

First Serv. Open the gates unto the lord protector,

Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

*Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servingmen
in tawny coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

Glou. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out ?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector, of the king or realm.

Glou. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord ;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin :
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back ; I will not budge
a foot :

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glou. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee
back :

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest ; I heard thee to
thy face.

Glou. What ! am I dared and bearded to my
face ?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your
beard ;

[*GLOUCESTER and his Men attack the Cardinal.*
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of church ;
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloucester, thou'lt answer this before the
pope.

Glou. Winchester goose ! I cry, a rope ! a rope !
Now beat them hence ; why do you let them stay ?

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats ! out, scarlet hypocrite !

Here GLOUCESTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace !
Glou. Peace, mayor ! thou know'st little of my wrongs.

*Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distain'd the Tower to his use.*

**Win.* Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens ;
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion
Because he is protector of the realm,
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

Glou. I will not answer thee with words, but
blows. *[Here they skirmish again.]*

May. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous
strife .

But to make open proclamation.
Come, officer ; as loud as e'er thou canst,
Cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms
this day against God's peace and the king's, we
charge and command you, in his highness' name, to
repair to your several dwelling-places ; and not to
wear, handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glou. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law ;
But we shall meet and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloucester, we will meet ; to thy cost, be
sure :

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glou. Mayor, farewell : thou dost but what
thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloucester ! guard thy head ;
For I intend to have it ere long.

[*Exeunt severally GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER,*
with th. & Servingmen.

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will
depart.

Good God ! these nobles should such stomachs bear ;
I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *France. Before Orleans.*

*Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his
Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is
besieged.
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know ; and oft have shot at
them,

Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou
ruled by me :

Chief master-gunner am I of this town ;
Something I must do to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me
 How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
 Wont through a secret grate of iron bars
 In yonder tower to overpeer the city,
 And thence discover how with most advantage
 They may vex us with shot or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed ;
 And even these three days have I watch'd
 If I could see them.

Now, do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.

¶ thou spy'st any, run and bring me word ;

And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Boy. Father, I warrant you ; take you no care ;
 I'll never trouble you if I may spy them. [*Exit.*]

Enter, on the turrets, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT ; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy ! again return'd !
 How wert thou handled being prisoner ?
 Or by what means gott'st thou to be released ?
 Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
 Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles ;
 For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far
 Once in contempt they would have barter'd me :
 Which I disdaining scorn'd, and craved death
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
 But, O ! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my

heart :

Whom with my bare fists I would execute
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all :
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly ;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure ;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was
spread

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant :
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while ;
And if I did but stir out my head
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endured ;

But we will be revenged sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans :
Here, through this grate, I count each one

And view the Frenchmen how they fortify :
 Let us look in ; the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions
 Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think at the north gate ; for there stand
 lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Here they shoot.* SALISBURY and SIR THOMAS
GARGRAVE fall.

Sal. O Lord ! have mercy on us, wretched
 sinners.

Gar. O Lord ! have mercy on me, woeful man.

Tal. What chance is this that suddenly hath
 cross'd us ?

Speak, Salisbury ; at least, if thou canst speak :

How farest thou, mirror of all martial men ?

One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off !

Accursed tower ! accursed fatal hand

That hath contrived this woeful tragedy !

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame ;

Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars ;

Whilst any trumpet did sound or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury ? though thy speech doth
 fail.

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace :

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands !

Bear hence his body ; I will help to bury it.

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die whiles—

He beckons with his hand and smiles on me,
 As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.'
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*An alarm; it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarm and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have
 gather'd head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 A holy prophetess new risen up
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans.*

Tal. Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth
 groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you;
 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
 dare. [*Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V. *The Same. Before one of the Gates.*

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues the DAUPHIN, drives him in and exit: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Joan. Come, come; 'tis only I that must disgrace thee. *[They fight.]*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

[They fight again.]

Joan. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short alarum: then enter the town with Soldiers.]

Overtake me if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be. *[Exit.]*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do :
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists :
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs ;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[A short alarum.

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.

It will not be : retire into your trenches :
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O ! would I were to die with Salisbury.
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[Alarum. Retreat. Exit TALBOT
 and his Forces.

SCENE VI. *The Same.*

Flourish. Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE,
 CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Soldiers.

Joan. Advance our waving colours on the walls

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Cha. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious propheticess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth
and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Cha. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is
won;

For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally
After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Before Orleans.*

Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places and be vigilant.
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

First Sent. Sergeant, you shall. [*Exit Sergeant.*

Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces,
with scaling-ladders; their drums beating a dead
march.*

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted :
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As sitting best to quittance their deceit
Contriv'd by art and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France ! how much he wrongs
his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell !

Bur. Traitors have never other company.

* But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,

If underneath the standard of the French

She carry armour as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not ~~in~~ together: better far, I guess,

That we do make our entrance several ways,

That if it chance the one of us do fail,

The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appear

How much in duty, I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying 'Saint George!'*
'A Talbot!' and all enter the town.

Sent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! The enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords ! what ! all unready
so ?

Bast. Unready ! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'T was time, I trow, to wake and leave
our beds,

Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a war-like enterprise
More venturous or desperate than this.

Bast. I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour
him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles : I marvel how he
sped.

Bast. Tut ! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Cha. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame ?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much ?

Joan. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his
friend ?

At all times will you have my power alike ?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me ?
Improvident soldiers ! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Cha. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

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Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept

As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Cha. And for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels :
'Then how or which way should they first break
in ?

Joan. Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way : 't is sure they found some
place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this ;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A
Talbot ! A Talbot !' They fly, leaving their
clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have
left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword ;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [Exit.

SCENE II. Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain,
and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy niantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul ;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb wherein his corpse shall be interr'd :
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight
began,

Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
'They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train
Call ye the war-like Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?
Tal. Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou would'st vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled.
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners will;
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whisper.*]

You perceive my mind?

Cap. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to
me.

Port. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out,
right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the
man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
 Alas ! this is a child, a silly dwarf :
 It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you ;
 But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
 I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now ? Go ask him
 whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot ; for my lady
 craves
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
 I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner ! to whom ?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord ;
 And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs :
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
 That hast by tyranny these many years
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
 And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha !

Count. Laughest thou, wretch ? thy mirth shall
 turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
 To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
 Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man ?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself :
You are deceived, my substance is not here ;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity.
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the
nonce ;
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree !

Tal. That will I show you presently.

*[He winds his horn. Drums strike up ; a peal of
ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.]*

How say you, madam ? are you now persuaded
That Talbot is but shadow of himself ?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse :
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath ;
For I am sorry that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady ; nor misconster
The mind of Talbot as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me ;
 No other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only, with your patience, that we may
 Taste of your wine and see what cates you have ;
 For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart, and think me
 honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Temple Garden.*

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
 WARWICK ; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON,
 and a Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means
 this silence ?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth ?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud ;
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once if I maintain'd the
 truth,

Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error ?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
 And never yet could frame my will to it ;
 And therefore frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then,
 between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
 pitch ;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth ;
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper ;
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best ;

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye ;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement ;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut ! here is a mannerly forbearance :
The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied and so loth to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :

Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours, and without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery

I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no
more

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :
If I have fewest I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on : who else ?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you ;
In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here in my scabbard ; meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his
truth ;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding
roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,

Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away! good William de la Pole:

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,

Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,

For treason executed in our late king's days?

And by his treason stand'st not thou attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?

His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;

And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted,

Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Pole and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,

To scourge you for this apprehension:

* Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition :

And so farewell until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

* *Som.* Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot that they object against your house

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester ;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.
And here I prophesy : this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Laro. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower of London.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Gaolers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment ;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ;
Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

First Gaol. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,

Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
 Deprived of honour and inheritance :
 But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence.
 I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

First Gaol. My lord, your loving nephew now
 is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he
 come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
 O ! tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great
 stock,

Why didst thou say of late thou wert despised ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine
 arm,

And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;
 Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
 And did upbraid me with my father's death :
 Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
 Else with the like I had requited him.

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd
me,

And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his decease.

Plun. Discover more at large what cause that
was,

For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason moved these war-like lords to this
Was, for that, young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived an
From Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.

"Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
 Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
 Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
 Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
 Again in pity of my hard distress
 Levied an army, weening to redeem
 And have install'd me in the diadem ;
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest that I no issue have,
 And that my fainting words do warrant death.
 Thou art my heir ; the rest I wish thee gather :
 But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
 But yet methinks my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And like a mountain, not to be removed.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence,
 As princes do their courts, when they are clogg'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle ! would some part of my young
 years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age.

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me, as that
 slaughterer doth
 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
 Only give order for my funeral :

And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war !

[Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt* Gaolers, bearing out the
body of MORTIMER.

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort :
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. London. The Parliament House.

Flourish. • *Enter* King HENRY, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK ; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill ; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devised,
 Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
 Do it without invention, suddenly;
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glou. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience
 Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd me.
 Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
 The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
 That therefore I have forged, or am not able
 Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree:
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London-bridge as at the Tower.
 Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords,
 vouchsafe
 To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?

And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provoked?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good—

Glou. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glou. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glou. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloucester!

Glou. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
It sitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. [*Aside.*] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his
tongue,

Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should ;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords ?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O ! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[*A noise within.*] 'Down with the tawny coats !'
What tumult's this ?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men
[*A noise again.*] 'Stones ! stones !'

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O ! my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us.
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out :
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Servingmen of GLOUCESTER
and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaught'ring hands and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

First Serv. Nay, if we be forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

Second Serv. Do what ye dare; we are as resolute. [Skirmish again.]

Glou. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

First Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,

Inferior to none but to his majesty;

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,

So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,

We and our wives and children all will fight,

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

Third Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.]

Glou.

Stay, stay, I say!

And if you love me, as you say you do,

Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O! how this discord doth afflict my soul.

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold

My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace

If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my lord protector ; yield, Winchester ;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity :
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glou. Compassion on the king commands me
stoop ;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :
Why look you still so stern and tragical ?

Glou. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard
you preach

That malice was a great and grievous sin ;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same ?

War. Sweet king ! the bishop hath a kindly
gird.

For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent !
What ! shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to
thee ;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

Glou. [*Aside.*] Ay ; but, I fear me, with a
hollow heart.

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not !

Win. [Aside.] So help me God, as I intend it
not !

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract !

Away, my masters ! trouble us no more ;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

First Serv. Content : I'll to the surgeon's.

Second Serv. And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the
tavern affords.

[Exeunt Mayor, Servingmen, &c.]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glou. Well urged, my Lord of Warwick : for,
sweet prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right ;
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force ;

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,

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From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then and set your knee against
my foot ;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York :
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may
fall !

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of
York !

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke
of York !

Glou. Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloucester says the word, King
Henry goes ;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glou. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame :

As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
 So will this base and envious discord breed.
 And now I fear that fatal prophecy
 Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe ;
 That Henry born at Monmouth should win all,
 And Henry born at Windsor should lose all :
 Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
 His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *France. Before Rouen.*

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised, with Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Joan. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 Through which our policy must make a breach :
 Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 That come to gather money for their corn.
 If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
 And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Rouen ;
 Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

Watch. [*Within.*] *Qui est là ?*

Joan. *Paysans, pauvres gens de France :*

Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Watch. [*Opens the gate.*] Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

Joan. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

[JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and Forces.

Cha. Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem !
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants ;
Now she is there how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Reig. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower ;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding out a torch burning.

Joan. Behold ! this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen.
But burning fatal to the Talbotites. *Exit.*

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Cha. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Reig. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends ;

Enter, and cry ' The Dauphin ! ' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*Alarum. Excunt.*

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

[*Exit.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter, from the town, BED-
FORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TAL-
BOT and BURGUNDY without. Then, enter on
the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, the
Bastard of ORLEANS, ALLENÇON, REIGNIER,
and others.*

Joan. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye corn
for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of darnel; do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless
courtezan!

I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Cha. Your grace may starve perhaps before that
time.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason.

Joan. What will you do, good grey-beard?
break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all
despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours !
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Joan. Are ye so hot, sir ? Yet, Pucelle, hold
thy peace ;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[The English whisper together
in council.]

God speed the parliament ! who shall be the
~~speaker?~~

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the
field ?

Joan. Belike your lordship takes us then for
fools,

To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang ! base muleters of France !
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Joan. Away, captains ! let's get us from the
walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord : we came but to tell you
That we are here.

[Exeunt JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c.,
from the walls.]

Tal. And there will we be too ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die ;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives,
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-Lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy
vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me ;
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade
you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I
read

That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes.
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !
Then be it so : heavens keep old Bedford safe !
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants.*

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• *Alarum. Excursions.* Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE
and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such
haste.

• *Fast.* Whither away ! to save myself by flight :
We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What ! will you fly, and leave Lord
Talbot ?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

[*Exit.*

Cap. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee !

[*Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. Enter, from the town, JOAN
LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and
exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven
please,

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?

They that of late were daring with their scoffs

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried in by two in his chair.*

*Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and
others.*

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again !

This is a double honour, Burgundy :

Yet heavens have glory for this victory !

Bur. War-like and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects

Thy noble deeds as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep :

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What! all amot? Rouen hangs her head for grief

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king ;

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot please? *Bur-*
gundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen.

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court ;

But kings and mightiest potentates must die,

For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Same. The Plains near Rouen.*

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard of ORLEANS, ALENÇON,
JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Joan. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered :

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail ;

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

Cha. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence :
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

East. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee revered like a blessed saint :
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Joan. Then thus it must be ; this doth Joan
devise :

By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
to leave the Talbot and to follow us.

Cha. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors ;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expelled from
France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Joan. Your honours shall perceive how I will
work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[*Drum sounds afar off.*]

Hark ! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English March. Enter, and pass
over at a distance, TALBOT and his Forces.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

*A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY
and Forces.*

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his :
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley ; we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.

Cha. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy !

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy ?

Joan. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles ? for I am
marching hence.

Cha. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy
words.

Joan. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France !

Stav. let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on ; but be not over-tedious.

Joan. Look on thy country, look on fertile
France,

And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe

When death doth close his tender dying eyes,

See, see the pining malady of France ;

Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woeful breast.

O ! turn thy edged sword another way ;

Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore :

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Joan. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.

Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?

When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?

Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,

And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,

They set him free without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,

And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours.

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Joan. [*Aside.*] Done like a Frenchman: turn,

and turn again !

Cha. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship
makes us fresh.

Hast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in
this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Cha. Now let us on, my lords, and join our
powers,

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Paris. The Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, Bishop of WIN-
CHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WAR-
WICK, EXETER ; VERNON, BASSET, and others.*
To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
'To do my duty to my sovereign
In sign whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
'Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet ;

[*Kneels.*]

And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France ?

Glou. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord !

When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war ;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face :
Therefore, stand up ; and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;
And in our coronation take your place.

Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,
Darest thou maintain the former words thou
spakest ?

Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark^e ye ; not so : in witness, take ye that.
[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is
such

That whoso draws a sword, 't is present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

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Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as
you ;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Paris. A Hall of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WARWICK,
TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and others.

Glou. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the
sixth !

Glou. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state :
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee !
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg ;

[*Plucks it off.*
Which I have done, because unworthily

'Thou wast installed in that high degree.
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest :
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,
 Before we met or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire did run away :
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself and divers gentlemen beside
 Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

Glor. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
 And ill beseeeming any common man,
 Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my
 lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order,
 And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou hear'st
 thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight :
 Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath
changed his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly, *To the King!*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? [*Reads.*] *I have, upon especial cause,*

Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction

*And join'd with Charles, the rightful King
France.*

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth
contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall
talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege! Yes: but that I am
prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength and march unto him straight :

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord ; in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit.

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign !

Bas. And me, my lord ; grant me the combat too !

York. This is my servant : hear him, noble prince !

Som. And this is mine : sweet Henry, favour him !

K. Hen. Be patient, lords ; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim ?

And wherefore crave you combat ? or with whom ?

Ver. With him, my lord ; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him ; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you both complain ?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did repugn the truth

About a certain question in the law .

Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him ;
 With other vile and ignominious terms :
 In confutation of which rude reproach,
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord :
 For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him ;
 And he first took exceptions at this badge,
 Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York,
 will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord ! what madness rules in
 brain-sick men,

When for so slight and frivolous a cause

Such factious emulations shall arise !

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,

Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glou. Confirm it so ! Confounded be your
 strife !

And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
 Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed

With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us ?
 And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
 To bear with their perverse objections ;
 Much less to take occasion from their mouths
 To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves :
 Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exc. It grieves his highness : good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
 Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
~~And you,~~ my lords, remember where we are ;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
 If they perceive dissension in our looks,
 And that within ourselves we disagree,
 How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
 To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
 Beside, what infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !
 O ! think upon the conquest of my father,
 My tender years, and let us not forgo
 That for a trifle that was bought with blood.
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[*Puts on a red rose.*]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York :
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
 Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
 But your discretions better can persuade
 Than I am able to instruct or teach :
 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 So let us still continue peace and love.
 Cousin of York, we institute your grace
 To be our regent in these parts of France :
 And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;
 And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
 Go cheerfully together and digest
 Your angry choler on your enemies.
 Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
 After some respite will return to Calais ;
 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK,*
EXETER, and VERNON.

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the
 king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did ; but yet I like it not
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him
 not ;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—but let it rest ;
 Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.*

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy
 voice ;

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands ;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division :
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II. *Before Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT, with trump and drum.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter ;
 Summon their general unto the wall.

[*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the
 General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry King of England ;
 And thus he would : Open your city gates,
 Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power ;
 But if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire ;
 Who in a moment even with the earth

Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee :
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal ;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warning
bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, etc., from the walls.]

Tal. He fables not ; I hear the enemy.

Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
 O ! negligent and heedless discipline ;
 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs !
 If we be English deer, be then in blood :
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
 But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK
 with trumpet and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again
 That dog'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it
 out

That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
 Which join'd with him and made their march for
 Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen that were levied for this siege !

Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, war-like duke ! to Bourdeaux,
York !
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset, who in proud
heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place ;
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O ! send some succour to the distress'd
lord.

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my war-like
word ;
We mourn ; France smiles ; we lose, they daily
get ;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's
soul ;

And on his son young John, whom two hours since
 I met in travel toward his war-like father.
 This seven years did not Talbot see his son ;
 And now they meet where both their lives are
 " done.

York. Alas ! what joy shall noble Talbot have
 To bid his young son welcome to his grave ?
 Away ! vexation almost stops my breath
 That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
 Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can
 But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
 Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
 'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[*Exit, with his Soldiers.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
 That ever living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth : whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Other Plains in Gascony.*

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army ; a Captain of
 TALBOT'S with him.*

Som. It is too late ; I cannot send them now :
 This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted : all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town
 Be buckled with : the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour

By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure :
 York set him on to fight and die in shame,
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
 name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William ! whither were
 you sent ?

Lucy. Whither, my lord ? from bought and
 sold Lord Talbot ;

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions :
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
 honour,

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds :
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reiguiet, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on ; York should have sent
 him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace
 exclaims ;
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host

XIV.

Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The English Camp near Bourdeaux.*

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me:
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you
fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will that no exploit have done:
• You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

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Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die,
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. A Field of Battle.

Alarum. *Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy

breath ;

I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

John. O ! twice my father, twice am I thy
son :

The life thou gavest me first was lost and done.

Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate,

To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,

Quickened with youthful spleen and war-like
rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,

And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood

From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,

And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood ; and in disgrace

Bespoke him thus : ' Contaminated, base

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,

Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
boy : '

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John ? how dost thou fare ?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?

Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead ;

The help of one stands me in little stead.

O ! too much folly is it, well I wot.

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day lie not with Frenchmen's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay ;
 'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.
 All these and more we hazard by thy stay ;
 All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart ;
 These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die !
 And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance !
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet :
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
 And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter TALBOT, wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life ? mine own is gone :
O ! where's young Talbot ? where is valiant John ?
Triumphant death, sneer'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience ;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French ;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His over-mounting spirit ; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O ! my dear lord, lo ! where your son is borne.

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the liether sky
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O ! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath ;
Brave death by speaking whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,

Had death^e been French, then death had died to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms :
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
[Dies.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the Bastard of ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Cha. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood !

Joan. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said :
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid ;'
But with a proud majestic high scorn,
He answer'd thus : 'Young Talbot was not born
'To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight ;

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Cha. O, no ! forbear ; for that which we have
fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended, a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Cha. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 't is a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Cha. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece,
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Joan. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
 O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
 O! that I could but call these dead to life,
 It were enough to fright the realm of France.
 Were but his picture left amongst you here
 It would amaze the proudest of you all.
 Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
 And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Joan. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
 For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
 here

They would but stink and putrefy the air

Cha. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence :
 But from their ashes shall be rear'd
 A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Cha. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
 thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein :

All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE 1. *London. The Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the
 pope,
 The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glou. I have, my lord ; and their intent is this :
They humbly sue unto your excellence
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their
motion ?

Glou. Well, my good lord ; and as the only
means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle ; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such inhumanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glou. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
• In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle ! alas ! my years are
young
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors ; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one :
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate
and two Ambassadors.*

Exe. What ! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?

Then I perceive that will be verified
 Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy :
 ' If once he come to be a cardinal,
 He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several
 suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.
 Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;
 And therefore are we certainly resolved
 To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;
 Which by my lord of Winchester we mean
 Shall be transported presently to France.

Glou. And for the proffer of my lord your
 master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
 As, liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 Her beauty, and the value of her dower,
 He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which con-
 tract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
 And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
 And safely brought to Dover ; where inshipp'd
 Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt* King HENRY and Train ; GLOUCESTER,
 EXETER, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate : you shall first re-
 ceive

The sum of money which I promised
 Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [*Aside.*] Now Winchester will not sub-

mit, I trow,
 Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
 That neither in birth or for authority
 The bishop will be overborne by thee :
 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
 Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *France. Plains in Anjou.*

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA
 PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*

Cha. These news, my lords, may cheer our
 drooping spirits :
 'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
 And turn again unto the war-like French.
Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
 France,
 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.
Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us ;
 Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
 And happiness to his accomplices !
Cha. What tidings send our scouts ? I prith e,
 speak.
Scout. The English army, that divided was
 Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
 And means to give you battle presently.
Cha. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is ;
 But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there :
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Joan. Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine ;
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

Uha. Then on, my lords ; and France be
fortunate ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Joan. The regent conquers and the Frenchmen
fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts ;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents : [*Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise !

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accusom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful legions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*]

O ! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of a further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]
No hope to have redress ? My body shall

Pay recompense if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter French and English, fighting;

JOAN LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand.

JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,

As if with Circe she would change my shape.

Joan. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Joan. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surprised

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue !

Joan. I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her.

O fairest beauty ! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She is going.

O, stay ! I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.

Fie, de la Pole ! disable not thyself ;
 Hast not a tongue ? is she not here ?
 Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?
 Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,
 What ransom must I pay before I pass ?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love ?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not ? what ransom
 must I pay ?

Suf. She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd ;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no ?

Suf. Fond man ! remember that thou hast a
 wife ;

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour ?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not
 hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling
 card.

Mar. He talks at random ; sure, the man is
 mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer
 me.

Suf. I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom ?
 Why, for my king : tush ! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood : it is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms
 But there remains a scruple in that too ;

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For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at
leisure?

Suf. It shall be so; disdain they ne'er so much;
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems
a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a
cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere
now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not
suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto
me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's
queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,

And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What ?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam ; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content ?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours
forth !

And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a pailey, to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]

A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner !

• *Reig.* To whom ?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy ?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep
Or to complain on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord :
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto ;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks ?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.*

.. *Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER.*

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories :
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reiguien, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king.
What answer makes your grace unto my suit ?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom ; I deliver her ;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reiguien of France, I give thee kingly
thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king :

[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well
content

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then to England with this news
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier : set this diamond safe

In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise
and prayers

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly placed and modestly
directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again;

No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O! wert thou for myself. But, Suffolk,
stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;

There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,

And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the seas,

That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with
wonder. • [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou.**Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.**York.* Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.*Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded ; and a Shepherd.**Shep.* Ah ! Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright.*I* Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death ?*Ah !* Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.*Joan.* Decrepit miser ! base ignoble wretch !
I am descended of a gentler blood :
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.*Shep.* Out, out ! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so ;*I* did beget her all the parish knows :
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.*War.* Graceless ! wilt thou deny thy parentage ?*York.* This argues what her kind of life hath been :*Wicked and vile ; and so her death concludes.**Shep.* Fie ! Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle ;
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh ;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear :
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.*Joan.* Peasant, avaunt ! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her
breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too
long

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Joan. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd:

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,

Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay : away with her to execution !

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow :
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Joan. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
hearts ?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now heaven forfend ! the holy maid with
child !

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought !
Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling :
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to ; we will have no bastards
live ;

Especially since Charles must father it.

Joan. You are deceived ; my child is none of
his :

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon ! that notorious Machiavel :
It dies as if it had a thousand lives.

Joan. Oh ! give me leave ; I have deluded you :
'T was neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man : that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee :
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Joan. Then lead me hence ; with whom I leave my curse :

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode ;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves !
[*Exit, guarded.*]

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou soul accursed minister of hell !

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered?
 Oh! Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief.
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
 As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, the Bastard
 of ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and others.*

Cha. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
 We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
 chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
 That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Cha. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein revered for their lawful king?
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means

Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our con-
dition stand?

Cha. It shall ;
 Only reserved, you claim no interest
 In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
 As thou art knight, never to disobey
 Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
 So now dismiss your army when ye please ;
 Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
 For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *London. The Palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK ;
 GLOUCESTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description, noble
 earl,
 Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me :
 Her virtues graced with external gifts
 Do breed love's settled passions in my heart :
 And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
 Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
 So am I driven by breath of her renown
 Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
 Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush ! my good lord, this superficial tale
 Is but a preface of her worthy praise :
 The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
 Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
 Would make a volume of enticing lines,
 Able to ravish any dull conceit :
 And, which is more, she is not so divine,
 So full replete with choice of all delights,

But with as humble lowliness of mind
 She is content to be at your command;
 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
 To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
 Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
 That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glou. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
 You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
 Unto another lady of esteem;
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,
 And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths:
 Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
 By reason of his adversary's odds.
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glou. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
 than that?
 Her father is no better than an earl,
 Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
 The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
 And of such great authority in France
 As his alliance will confirm our peace,
 And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glou. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal
 dower,
 Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
 To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
 Henry is able to enrich his queen,
 And not to seek a queen to make him rich :
 So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
 As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
 Marriage is a matter of more worth
 Than to be dealt in by attorneyship :
 Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
 Must be companion of his nuptial bed ;
 And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
 It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
 An age of discord and continual strife ?
 Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
 And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
 But Margaret, that is daughter to a king ?
 Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 Approves her fit for none but for a king :
 Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
 More than in women commonly is seen,
 Will answer our hope in issue of a king ;
 For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 If with a lady of so high resolve
 As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
 Then yield, my lords ; and here conclude with
 me
 That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
 report,

My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that
 My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 With any passion of inflaming love,
 I cannot tell ; but this I am assured,
 I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
 As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 Take, therefore, shipping ; post, my lord, to
 France ;

Agree to any covenants, and procure
 That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
 King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
 For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 Among the people gather up a tenth.
 Be gone, I say ; for till you do return
 I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
 And you, good uncle, banish all offence :
 If you do censure me by what you were,
 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company
 I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

[*Exit.*

Glou. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd ; and thus he
 goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
 With hope to find the like event in love,
 But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king ;
 But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

